

Life's A Game

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Category: Naruto

Genre: Adventure, Drama

Language: English

Characters: Itachi U., Kushina U., OC, Shisui U.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-08 01:22:15

Updated: 2016-04-11 15:54:56

Packaged: 2016-04-27 22:08:13

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 13,226

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: She thought it'd be okay, she thought she could just leave. She never realised how much a well-positioned extra life could affect a world she thought she knew, even just by existing. Well played, reincarnation gods. Well played. [SI OC] (Rating may go up)

1. Chapter 1

She was _so_ incredibly_ bored. At this moment in time, she herself didn't really know who _she_ _was.

She wasn't even completely sure _she_ was still a she_. _

She remembered that she had most definitely died. _She_ remembered studying, studying and more studying, and also recollected the topics of all her studies. That made _her_ a junior doctor, with all the knowledge that she had previously obtained. Yes, she had previously been a third year resident junior doctor in what was then a country called England in the UK, graduated from the prestigious University of Cambridge, St John's college.

However, _she_ came to the conclusion that all that knowledge was probably fairly useless in this world, where there were super glowing hands that could seal up wounds in a few minutes and reattach separated limbs etc. etc. She wondered what sort of infectious diseases they could get here, since she didn't remember any of the Naruto characters having more than a cold.

Yes. She had come to the conclusion that _she_ was now in a universe that she previously only knew from a TV series, a series of manga books and an endlessly increasing world of fanfiction.

Sure, the initial panic from the realisation that her mind did not match _her_ new body wasn't a great experience, but what _she_ had in spades in this new world was time. She had time to get over her panic, time to calm down, and time to work out what she was going to

do with a second chance at life.

She hadn't even started to think about _why_ any of this had happened though, she didn't think her mental state would survive that. Her current mental state was already fairly questionable after all - she was still referring to herself as two personas; a she and a _she_. _She'd leave the questionings of _why_ she had been **reincarnated** some other time.

â€|Probably never.

Her mind was incredibly active, but _her_ body was not. How could it? _She_ now had the small, supple container of a newborn child.

She spent most of her baby days realising that she recognised most of the people around her, more specifically the main characters from what she remembered as the Uchiha clan. A young woman's pale complexion, raven hair and kind dark grey orbs became more and more familiar as time passed, and _she_ finally placed her with a name, Mikoto, after a younger woman with unforgettable long crimson hair had called her away. Memories of a giant orange fox demon and said redhead's ultimate demise had immediately surfaced at the sight.

Judging from _her_ age, and how they treated _her_, she worked out that _she_ was a year or so younger than Itachi (currently a baby starting to be able to walk) who spent a lot of time cooped in the same room as _her_) and so around three to four years older than Sasuke would be and the normal Naruto plot.

Fantastic, she had thought. Smack right bang in the middle of two major timelines.

Her conclusion?

She had to get out.

2. Chapter 2

"_Ama-chanâ€|"_"

That was _her_ name. She picked apart the language the best she could in her current state, and once _she_ started to attempt communicating with the characters by copying the sounds that they made, she was met by a multiple amused chuckles. It was also only a matter of time until she began to test out the boundaries of her new body, and was soon able to move fairly competently despite her size.

"She's really active, isn't she?" she heard the redhead, Kushina, say rather admiringly as _she_ squirmed out of her grasp and crawled over to the other side of the room.

"Ma!" _she_ burbled, taking one pudgy hand and knocking a scroll off the drawer onto the floor. It was only after _she_ pointed at the squiggles on the soft paper and started to scream when the woman ignored her that Kushina seemed to understand, and began to read to her.

The adults seemed to get used to _her_ rather strange desire to hear

them read, and _she_ didn't have to try so hard the next times to be understood. Slowly, she began to match the characters to the sounds, and although she didn't understand most of it, her mind was active and so she was content. During her whole time there, she only came into contact with three different adults, all of whom she recognised: Kushina, Mikoto and very rarely, Fugaku Uchiha.

He was a stocky man, with chin length choppy hair that made his nose look too tall and his eyes too narrow, and every time she had seen him he had always been in an awful mood. If he was _her_ father she was not impressed with how he treated _her_. _He_ was the only one who knew what she wanted when _she_ brought a scroll to him, and pointedly ignored _her_. _

Itachi however, he showed ridiculous favouritism to, carrying the toddler often and answering any questions he seemed to have. She didn't really care, but she was definitely scornful.

One day, she decided the way that she firmly distinguished her new body and her old mind as two separate identities was unhealthy, and made a resolution to merge them - after all, her mind was now in control of this body.

It was coincidentally the day Kushina brought some brushes and paper with her on her visit and tried to teach her how to write.

Emphasis on _tried_. _

Her new body lacked the muscle control needed to make the fine lines the redhead seemed to have no problem drawing, and the fact that she was using a brush was not helpful. Once Mikoto arrived, she did not look pleased in the slightest at the mess, and promptly replaced said brushes and inks with pencils. It was quite amusing to see Kushina's usually bright demeanour wilt in shame at all the spilled inks and handprints across the wooden floor. Thankfully, the Uchiha matriarch didn't seem too angry and had simply sighed, ruffling her hair and starting to try and scrub at the ugly black marks streaked across the floor.

Of course the inks had already dried, and so they didn't come out of the mahogany flooring, and once Fugaku arrived, he had exploded in absolute fury. The air around her turned cold and the glint in his coal black eyes sent an icy shiver down her spine. He didn't bother speaking to her, but simply pointed to the marks, and then proceeded to _slap_ _her_ across the face.

She was absolutely aghast at his behaviour. The sharp sting caused tears to automatically well in her eyes, and before she knew it she was wailing, crying out for Mikoto, Kushina, anyone to remove her from this bastard's proximity. It was insane, for this grown man to strike out at a child, a baby, younger than his own. She remembered from her old life that this sort of action would have been reported to the police immediatelyâ€|but she smothered her indignant feelings. She wasn't in that world anymore. This sort of discipline was probably normal here.

"Urusai!" he had barked, and although he didn't strike her again, he shouted some more and he threw a rag at her before slamming the door shut and leaving.

She was left there for at least the whole night, but she didn't touch the rag. Perhaps it was her adult mind screaming injustice, but she hadn't been the one to find the inks by herself, nor was she the one to initiate using the brushes. No, those decisions had been made for her by an adult, and she was going to stand by those as not her own and therefore not her fault.

Still, her left cheek burned, and quiet sniffles accompanied her throughout the night. It _hurt_.

The next day, she was woken from her huddled position by the quiet movement of the door. Mikoto stood there in her usual sleeping clothes and she realised that the woman had been in during the disciplining the night before.

She had been there and she hadn't done anything about it. Tears welled up once more, but it wasn't because she was hurt, nor was it because of relief - it was because of sheer anger.

She didn't talk to any Uchiha for the next week or so, ignoring Itachi's offers to play and Mikoto's gentle enquiries. The next time Kushina visited, which was a long time later, she threw herself at her, bawling into the redhead's trousers. During the whole time she was there, she clung to her tearily, not allowing her to let go and promptly ignored any of the raven haired woman's coaxing.

"She's been like this since the painting disaster." she heard Mikoto say rather sadly as she lay contently on Kushina's lap with the woman's hands running soothingly through her hair.

"Aw poor baby. That's quite a long grudge to hold." the redhead cooed gently.

"She hasn't apologised and Fugaku's still furious because of it." the Uchiha matriarch continued.

Wait. Apologised? Unknowingly, the child tensed at that word. And at that name.

"Why does he want an apology, wasn't it my fault? I've said sorry. I've also offered to pay for the floor if that's his problem. " Kushina frowned, her hands pausing. She watched as Mikoto shrugged helplessly.

"You know that's not the problem." she sighed.

What _was_ the problem then?

"That's no reason to take it out on the child, she's barely two for heaven's sake." Kushina growled, and Ama snuggled into her protective hold.

"Exactly. She's two now, and would be fine in the clan orphanage, but she's still with us. I'm waiting on her brother, because - " the Uchiha's gaze softened as she paused, staring at the small frame.

Ama strained to hear what was said next.

"because that place is an absolute â€" and you know it! You're the

one that's always complaining about the " caretakers and the children and how "awful it is! You can't, Mikoto, not Ama!"

She didn't understand some of the vocabulary used, but she could take a pretty accurate guess from the redhead's infuriated tone.

Regretfully, Ama did end up in the orphanage not long after that conversation, and her time there was strangely eye-opening. Kushina protested so viciously she had to be removed from the Uchiha compound, but there wasn't anything she could do about it because it was strictly a clan matter.

She learnt many things at that orphanage.

One, that her full name was Amaterasu, as it was scrawled on a piece of cardboard and given to her to hold on the first day there. Not like anyone bothered to look at it or cared what she was called.

Two, since clan orphans were widely discriminated against and were pitted against each other at the orphanage, they were incredibly distrustful and were all very alone. From what she could see, everything and anything was a competition there. To actually consume the measly amount of food you were given, you had to protect it. To get clean water, you had to get there first. To prevent sleeping outside, you had to finish your chores. Finishing chores were incredibly difficult as everyone sabotaged each other. Knocking over that pail of soapy, grimy water, throwing the clean pans lined up in the kitchen outside into the mud, jumping all over made beds with muddy shoes etc. etc.

Three, the caretakers favoured the strong ones, and squashed the weak themselves, even though they knew of the dirty tricks used against them. It was probably in their job description. They seemed to strangely enjoy giving out punishments, and Ama recognised sadistic tendencies in them. They probably all needed a therapist. Any normal caretakers quitted the job after a day.

All in all, to survive there, you had to be big, strong and most of all, heartless.

Amaterasu learnt that this was how the clan made most out of their orphans. Instead of giving them that extra care in place of the lost parents, they weaselled out the weak and shoved the stronger ones into the academy so that they'd be out of their hair as soon as possible. She guessed funding was a problem. This method also meant the children would already be used to the 'better you suffering than me' state of mind that would inevitably help them when they made their first kill as shinobi. Furthermore, she would even take it as far to say that it was incentive for parents to not get themselves killed.

It was sick, and what was worse was that she cared.

She realised, that she had never viewed the people around her as real people since she had been reborn into this world, for some reason it was imbedded into her mind that they were just characters. Perhaps that was the reason why she didn't care so much when Fugaku hadn't acted even just a little like a father figure. Perhaps that was why

it had been so easy to ignore the whole family after the painting incident.

To some extent, she hadn't fully comprehended that this was real now, this was her world, and people here could feel pain, and that this was their lives.

Those tiny, weeping kids shoved outside into the biting cold weren't just characters from a TV show.

That girl, no more than four years old, would have completely felt every brutal point of contact she made with the sharp edges of the stairs that she was shoved down.

And that boy, who was just a bit older, looked so terrified of the large woman coming in brandishing a rolling pin, and was currently hyperventilating.

That was when Amaterasu Uchiha realised that no matter what life she had before, no matter how she had viewed this world in that life, this was her universe now, and for some reason she had been given another chance to live. That chance meant she could change things, she wasn't just a spectator watching behind a screen. She was going to change things, because she had been gifted with knowledge that no one else had in this world.

She wasn't going to waste this gift.

"It was me."

The woman's advance on the young child stopped, and the whimpers lessened.

It's changing, Ama. You can do it. _

"What did yer say, brat?" she asked quietly, and it was the type of quiet that was usually used to make children more unsure with themselves, more intimidated.

Shame for this woman she wasn't a child.

"I said, it was me. Gee, your hearing getting worse already, auntie? I heard that's the first signs of ageing ya know?" Ama told her cheerfully, and observed as the woman's face slowly reddened in fury. "I'm sorry about the mess in your kitchen, auntie, I really am. I'm just too clumsy. I'll make it up to you I promise."

"'N how," she spat, "are yer plannin' on doin' tha'?"

While the woman's attention was focused on herself, Ama caught the little boy's shocked gaze and meaningfully glanced towards the door.

"Maybeâ€¦ I can clear up this mess by tomorrow?" she tried hopefully, watching the boy tiptoe out of the kitchen in the corner of her eye.

"Yer think, that'll be enough? You lil kids ****NEVER LEARN, DO YOU****?" she roared right in her face, and Ama tried very hard not to gag at the smell of the garlic and onion that she had undoubtedly had for

dinner.

"I'll take your delivery around the compound tomorrow! For the next week! For the next _month_!" she tried once more, acting more and more scared the further the woman advanced.

The woman stopped, a grin leering on her face. Ama's heart dropped at that expression.

"Alrigh' lil twit. Every day for a month, yer'll be deliverin' to _anywhere_ I want you to, or I'll thump ya into next month, ya got it?" she snarled, and Ama nodded. Thanks to that, she got away with only a sharp kick to the back that sent her tumbling out of the kitchen.

But oh, how she regretted it. Why, why, why did she have to say that? Ama thought it'd be a good idea since she'd be able to leave the orphanage and explore other places, but the distances she had to walk were just insane. She was given a small trolley to carry the goods, and it was even more torturous to find that they were _pastries and sweet snacks_. _Lord, they smelt so amazing, and the temptation was too great. She was eyeing one particularly tasty looking dango set as she loaded them into the trolley when a voice cut her from her thoughts.

"The o-other guy went m-mi-missing after eating o-one."

Ama turned to see the boy she let escape yesterday sitting on the stairs. He was sporting a new bruise on his pale cheek.

"What do you mean, went missing?" she asked curiously while continuing to load the goods. When she didn't hear an answer, she looked over to see that the boy's lower lip was trembling.

"Anyway, I don't blame him." she continued hurriedly. "That crazy lady is nuts but she sure can cook." she said with a sigh as she tried to knot the top flap of the trolley correctly before giving up. The quiet boy watched her with large coal black eyes and her heart clenched at just how _thin_ he was.

"Y-you arrived quite re-recently, right?" he mumbled, getting up and deftly tying the knot with surprising ease.

"Mhm. Two weeks ago. Thanks." she said with a small smile. "How old are you?"

"Five." he murmured. That explained why he was quite a bit bigger than her, even if he was stick thin. She soon learnt that his name was Arata while he accompanied her to the rusty orphanage gates, and that he'd been here since he was three.

"W-what do you want?" he suddenly asked when they reached the exit. She startled, and at her confused expression he frowned.

"for helping me." he told her quietly, and she grinned, saying nothing other than a brief, "See ya later, Arata."

She waved after turning her back and set off down the empty, dusty street to the main Uchiha complex, leaving the poor boy confused, awed and scared all at the same time.

* * *

><p>Hello! It's me. I was wondering if after all these years
-

**...ok never mind. That song is still plaguing my mind and I love it. **

What do you think of Ama-chan so far? Did you expect an awful Uchiha orphanage? The idea just came to me and it'll hopefully tie in really well with what I have planned in the future (remember Obito anyone?) but if anyone gets it now I'd be very surprised haha.

**Leave something to say you've been! It may help the next chapter come along faster...? **

Lei xx

3. Chapter 3

Arata Uchiha had never felt so puzzled in his life. The girl had set off once again on the delivery that morning for the eighth time or so, and still hadn't told him _why_. _

Why did she help him? Why was she still helping him, going on all those deliveries by herself - even though the trolley dwarfed her size, and she was getting shouted at for not doing it fast enough? She hadn't even been in the room when he had dropped the flour and made a huge mess all over the kitchen counters, and yet she had taken the blame.

It didn't make sense to him _at all_. If he had learnt anything from his time there it was that everyone did things for their own good, and if you didn't watch out for yourself you were the one that would suffer instead.

Judging from her actions, she was either very smart, or incredibly stupid. He was definitely leaning towards the latter, he decided as he watched her pour her rations into the child next to her's bowl at dinner. By the time said child had realised the sudden increase of food in surprise, she was already gone, zipping through the crowded kitchen to dump her now empty bowl.

Arata slurped as much of his own up as possible before he was shoved aside and it was taken, and then followed the girl out.

"Why?" he asked immediately after joining her outside. She looked up at him in surprise.

"You seem to be asking that a lot." she told him rather dryly, returning to the writing she was doing in the dirt.

"Why do you help?" he struggled to find the words before blurting, "Why are you so different?"

She stiffened slightly before sighing.

"I'm not any different to anyone else here, Arata. I'm just selfish in another way." she said rather quietly. She then chuckled tonelessly. "I'm much worse than them, if you think I'm helping. I'm not really making any sense to you, am I?"

No, she definitely was not, and Arata did not understand.

-oOo-

* * *

><p>Fugaku rubbed his eyes and stifled a yawn for the third time during the meeting, hoping that it would go unnoticed. Of course, in a room of high ranking ninjas in the room, it wasn't.<p>

"Fugaku-sama, if you are weary we can postpone this matter."

The protest died in his throat as he looked around at the table, observing the bored clan members looking back at him with well-concealed hopefulness. He nodded, and the meeting dispersed.

Although Fugaku had returned home last night, he hadn't been able to get a wink of sleep, and while he blamed it primarily on the current raging war, he knew it wasn't the only reason.

The real reason was much smaller, and had his best friend/teammate's ebony irises framed by long, thick lashes and raven-coloured hair. Although this child, Amaterasu, was an offspring of the person who had saved his life countless times, and who he considered a sister, he couldn't and wouldn't ever acknowledge that fact.

That child was a demon.

During her pregnancy, his friend's health had deteriorated drastically the longer said child had grown inside her. No medic had understood why, considering she had had a perfectly healthy pregnancy four years ago, and it was only after the birth of the child and the death of his sister that they realised what had happened.

The child had been sucking the chakra of her mother to form its own chakra pathways a whole three years earlier than normal, and as a result, the poor woman had been continuously depleted of chakra every day for the last three months of her pregnancy - it was no wonder she had passed. From Tsunade-senpai's explanation, Fugaku understood that normally, chakra pathways began to form from the chakra the a child would start to develop around age three, and depended on the maturity of the mind. Somehow, the child's mind had matured exponentially faster than its body, and so used its mother's chakra to compensate for the lack of chakra it was developing itself to form its chakra pathways.

The child had shown signs of being abnormally smart for her age, she developed very quickly through the stages of moving and talking.

But no one had ever seen this kind of case before, and Fugaku had directed all his grief towards said abnormal child. He hated it. It had caused so much pain and suffering to his teammate, and what was worse was that it looked so much like her. What was sick was that

his friend had died, loving the thing that had inevitably murdered her for its own survival.

A demon with her eyes.

Shinobi do not use the word 'friend' lightly. Once you consider someone a friend, the bonds you create with them can be so strong that you start caring more for their life than your own. This was the case for Fugaku, Amaterasu's mother had been his friend, first and foremost, and she had helped him through many many hard times - if he could have, he would have replaced her death with his in a heartbeat.

If it had been an enemy jutsu, he would have made sure he had been the one to receive the finishing blow.

If it had been a trap, he would have performed a substitution jutsu on her to make sure she was okay.

But no. She had been ripped away from him by her own child.

What was worse was that Fugaku had to house **it** for the first two years of its life, as the father, Kagami Uchiha, had died protecting his son on the battlefronts against Iwa. The child was abnormal, always wanting to hear people's voices, and her eyes, oh kami her eyes. They were filled with a strangely knowing, calculating gaze that focused on you for far too long to be accidental. It wasn't **normal**. **Every** time he looked at it...her... he couldn't help but just keep being reminded that she was her baby - no, not a baby.

And now that he had finally gotten the damn child out of his house into the clan orphanage... for some reason, his heart was faltering.

What was keeping him up at night was that her son, Shisui Uchiha, didn't even know that he had a sister. After the death of his father and mother, the six-year-old had thrown himself into his clan training more ferociously than before, and as he was already a genin, he was able to claim rights to his own apartment. For the last two years, Fugaku had only heard about him - by the end of the first year, both his teammates had died during a sabotaged scouting mission, and so he had been granted a year of mentored training from his jounin instructor outside the village walls. The boy was already living up to the standards of being named a genius, and last the clan head had heard was the he was coming back within the next week or so to return to active duty for the village.

"That's great." his wife had said, sagging with relief. Fugaku had noted the dark circles under her eyes with concern. "Now Ama can get out of that orphanage."

The child had also wedged a harsh line between him and Mikoto - she was convinced that it wasn't the child's fault, while he had furiously retorted who else he should blame for the death of his teammate. That awful redheaded friend of Mikoto's also caused a lot of trouble, following him around angrily and shouting in vulgar protest at the movement of the child, coming pretty close to physical blows before she was removed.

She didn't understand.

"If you don't want to view her as your _best friend's _child, then look at her as she is, a child, a _baby - _You're a parent too Fugu-bastard! You said you considered her a _sister_, then tell me - how, just *_how_* can you do that to your _sister's child _you absolute piece of shit?! You think she'd be _happy _you're treating her like this?"

But it _wasn't_ a child. Not in his view. And he didn't care if she was happy, she was dead. She couldn't be happy, even if she wanted to.

Fugaku realised his feet had taken him to the centre of the Uchiha compound where the shops were rapidly closing down at this time in the evening. The sun was almost fully set, sending hues of crimson across the sky. He sighed, directing his thoughts to another problem as his eyes become unfocused once more.

The orphanage.

It had been a cruel, cruel method of dealing with parentless children set up way back when the Uchiha were just a clan. In those times, it had been well suited to what they needed - survival of the fittest, and cold-hearted, selfish killers. The people in charge of the Uchiha at the time must have thought that if you were at the orphanage, you were weak offspring as your parents hadn't been strong enough to survive. The only way an orphan would be able to gain some proper training would be to squash all those around him and prove that he was the strongest there.

No one had bothered to change the system so far - all the previous clan heads were probably content with the fact that while it wasn't taking up much of the clan's budget, it produced some able academy students that were strong enough to cause fear of the Uchiha with their brusque tactics of overwhelming smaller opponents.

Fugaku _knew_ those sorts either died early during war or remained at most, genin for their whole careers with that mindset.

He _knew_ _he had to do something about it.

But he couldn't. Not now. It would have to wait until the war finished.

The clan head paused in his walk as a small figure approached pushing a relatively large trolley. He watched as they knocked on the door of one of the shops, to have it opened by a man who looked fairly well off.

"Ah, there you are. Do you have the goods?" he asked, and Fugaku frowned. That sounded fairly suspicious, and unknowingly he reached for his kunai pouch.

The small one didn't say anything but reached into the trolley and pulled out a packet of ... dango?

"Lovely. Thank you my dear, here's the money. Don't be out too late, alright? It's very chilly. Send my regards to Tami."

After that, he promptly shut the door and the figure moved on. They seemed to notice him just standing there though, and paused.

"Would you like something, shinobi-san?" they asked in surprisingly high voice. Fugaku approached, and his heart dropped when he recognised her.

She was much smaller than he remembered. Her shirt and shorts were not only tattered and dirty but also too big for her, and the cloak she had draped over her small frame didn't seem like it was doing well at keeping the cold away. Her sandals were ripped and her feet were covered in a layer of mud, and dirt dotted her face along with a green bruise on her forehead.

How long had it been, a month? Maybe two? since she had left his house, and now she seemed like a completely different child.

Like an ... orphan, he realised, and the severity of the situation hit him like being struck by lightning. He caught the gaze of her curious large eyes and pain shot through his heart.

"A-ama." he whispered softly, and her stare didn't waver. He expected her to recognise him, beg him to take her back, or to cry or do something but she remained still.

"Is Miko okay?" she asked simply, looking so _tired. _"How's Tachi doing?"

Instead of answering, he replied with, "Your brother will be home soon.", and he didn't know why. What he wanted to say was _I'm sorry, please forgive me, it's my fault, I'll fix this. _

"I don't have a brother." she told him patiently, and he crouched so that he was closer to her eye-level, and tried to ignore the smell that was undoubtedly coming off her.

"You do. His name is Shisui, and he'll take care of you. He'll take you away from that place, okay?" he said, and even to him his voice sounded detached.

I'm sorry

"I don't have a brother." she repeated. "Tori's the only one who has a brother, and he's always there. He protects her from everything bad, and hits everything he thinks might hurt her."

"Your brother will protect you."

Please forgive me

She continued, her voice becoming more and more cold.

"If I had a brother," her ebony eyes, (_**her** _eyes), glinted dangerously. "...he'd have protected me from you."

There was a long silence during which he felt her scathing gaze, and nothing occurred to him at that time other than _you're right, you're right, you're absolutely right. _

"You'll understand someday."

It's my fault.

"I'm not so sure."

She was so clever. So so intelligent, and he had looked over it after labelling her as DEMON WHO KILLED MY FRIEND. The sheer stupidity of the way that he had viewed her during the last two years whacked him in the face with those four words. He had been so, ridiculously short-sighted, and it was this that made this child, his _teammate's_ child, basically his own _niece_, suffer. He couldn't even begin to imagine the lives of those children without parents growing up in the environment of the orphanage who were all alone.

She would be ashamed of who he had become.

"Miko is fine, and so is Tachi. Wait for your brother." he choked out before promptly body flickering away.

I'll fix this.

* * *

><p>The surprise meeting with the Uchiha clan head went better than she could have ever dreamed. Amaterasu had planned from the beginning to use the guilt card, but never expected it to work this well. She surveyed the builders working on the run down building contentedly, sitting on the lap of one of the new caretakers that had been assigned the week after that meeting. That witch Tami had disappeared, and they no longer had to do chores but instead were taught how to read and write, much like homeschooling. The atmosphere of the orphanage had taken a very drastic turn, and the orphans had been overwhelmed but undoubtedly much, much happier. The bullying behaviour was sharply discouraged, and Ama knew that even within a month, the orphans would be able to create bonds and be part of a new family together in this environment.<p>

A warm feeling pooled in her stomach at the pleasant thought that _she_ had done this. Of course, it probably would have happened without her existence but she had most definitely sped it up. Now that she thought about it, her idea had been quite idealistic.

She had eaten as little as she could and done those backbreaking deliveries, hadn't fought for clean water to wash in, and had gotten herself into enough trouble to get hit a couple times, but not too drastically. If she hadn't been trying to, she wouldn't have lost that much weight. She wanted to create this image of herself so that one day when she eventually met one of the family that had taken care of her, she'd act accordingly and essentially try to make them feel as guilty as possible. Because she knew they were powerful. She knew if anyone could have done anything, it would have been them.

She had been tactful enough to make sure to do it in a way that so that the orphanage would be changed, and not just her being taken out of it, and coincidentally meeting with Fugaku that night had really been great luck. She could tell that the poor guy already blamed himself and was guilty, but she liked to think that she gave him that little push he needed to fix the things that he could in his position. Obviously, it had worked.

"Can you read this for me, Ama-chan?" the woman she was sitting on enquired.

"No, you read." Ama ordered instead, closing her eyes and relaxing against the woman's front, ignoring the chuckling that followed. She drifted off to the thoughts of having Shisui as a brother as the woman's soothing voice entered her ears, and decided her pedigree was a good one. Keeping close to Shisui meant she was close to Itachi and therefore it would probably be easier to make changes to her future as it stood now: being murdered along with the rest of the clan before she even made it to her teenage years.

Either way, for now she was content. She had made a good start.

* * *

><p>Thank you for such an amazing response to this story! I'm sorry to those who though Extrapolation was better, hopefully _Life's a Game_ will grow on you! I loved all your reviews, and it's been great to check my email for the last 24 hours, so thank you for all the follows and the favourites! **

**I hope it lives up to your standards. If it doesn't, that's fine too, I'm a growing writer, so please tell me where I'm lacking!
**

**I really wanted to make the point that Amaterasu is in no way a hero figure. She took the punishment for Arata because that was when she realised she could do something, and the punishment was something she had wanted to do in the first place anyway so it wasn't really self sacrifice. I also want to make it clear that she is very smart - she understands people, since she's a doctor and has undoubtedly had experience in the field of psychology (more on this coming soon)! Also, she's a grown woman looking at starving children, and she's seemed to have forgotten that she's also in a starving child's body, hence why she thought it was okay for her to be negligent to herself. Don't worry, all that's coming back to bite her in the ass later, look forward to the next update! **

Lei xx

EDIT 24/04/16 - Added a few tads, changed the fact that Ama's mum isn't Fugaku's sister, because then Ama and Itachi would be cousins. Didn't really like that so I changed it! Just FYI 3

4. Chapter 4

"_Wait for your brother_, he said. _He'll be coming soon_, he said." a small raven-haired child muttered scornfully under her breath as she ended her weekly visit to the village library, struggling under the weight of four thick books that piled up to just under her eyes. The villagers around at that time had gotten used to her now, and no longer shot curious gazes at the tiny clan girl trotting around alone in the village centre. They probably found paying more attention to avoiding the burning rays of the morning sun more beneficial. It was summer now after all, but the newfound heat was nothing but a bitter reminder to her that a _whole year and a half_ had passed since the refurbishment of the orphanage, and still not a sign of her supposed brother.

Amaterasu Uchiha found herself quite irritated as the thought resurfaced once again. She had hoped her brother would show himself to her in at least a month, but he hadn't. And she knew he was back in the village, she had checked with the Uchiha administrative office and they had hesitantly confirmed to the three-year-old that yes, Shisui Uchiha was on the list for active duty but no, he hadn't been given a mission for a while.

The thirty-one-year-old in a three-year-old's body fumed as she plopped herself down in the shade of the small training ground that she usually occupied at this time. So that little brat just decided 'No, he didn't like the thought of a sister, oh never mind, he'd just pretend she doesn't exist.'

The woman's mind became bored again very quickly, and now spent the both of the two days a week they were allowed out of the orphanage doing exactly what she was doing now - reading. Sometimes, she'd be able to spend the day with Kushina, but outings with the redhead had recently become rather scarce for some reason. She presumed it had something to do with the war.

Ama had thrown herself into more information gathering about this world after her living conditions improved, and had blazed through the newly stocked orphanage library in a dayâ€|which wasn't saying much because it consisted of six picture story books and two very simplified notes on the concepts of chakra and the Sharingan. They had been pretty useless, considering the amount of knowledge she had on those topics in the first place. Therefore, she naturally looked to the next source of books that she had accidentally caught sight of on one of the outings with Kushina.

The village library had a whole floor dedicated to a very well endowed shinobi section, and understandably, civilians were not granted access to it. Only someone with a Konoha forehead protector that was only gained at the graduation ceremony of the academy was allowed past the genjutsu layer covering the entrance, manned by a sleepy looking guard. If they had forgotten their forehead protector, they could prove their ninja rank by simply breaking the genjutsu. The first few times she had tried to get in, the guard did not look at all amused by her size, her lack of forehead protector, and lack of any genjutsu breaking capabilities whatsoever.

"I'm three, do you really expect me to know how to do that?" she had retorted rather testily at his raised eyebrow. The heat behind her words had a considerably smaller effect when they were said in a high-pitched voice with a lisp, she winced internally.

"You're three, tell me a good reason why you want to go to a room filled with books in the first place. Go out and play." the guard had replied in his slow, irritating voice of his.

Eventually, she had worn him down, visiting once every three days to spend two hours trying to prove to him why it wouldn't be a big problem to let her in. She even started to wear the standardised clan clothing with the proud Uchiha crest sewed onto the back to prove that she was undoubtedly going to become a kunoichi sometime in the near future. When the guard finally gave in, he gave her a very impressive stink-eye, and a low sigh of, "Not like you're going to understand anything in there anyway, but as long as you stop annoying

me, brat." and "Don't you clans people all have libraries of your own? Go there!"

She had a much smaller problem getting the actual librarian to use the account of 'Shisui Uchiha' to loan her the books she wanted. Probably because the girl had put on an act to showcase the age she looked like, blinking her large eyes and fidgeting nervously as she mumbled, "My brother didn't want to walk all the way here, so he sent me."

Cue pitiful gaze, a warm pat on the head, sometimes a bitter ginseng sweet, and the books she wanted.

Ama didn't like to use her age to her advantage that often - probably because it felt weird, and because most of the adults she knew were already used to her quietness and unusually strong hunger to learn. The new caretakers understood she didn't want to be coddled, and it was routine for them to amusedly console the visitors who looked taken aback (and rather offended) at the smooth way the child would turn away and ignore them when they cooed at her. Aside from them, Kushina had also most definitely accepted her advanced intelligence with a bright grin, and heartily answered any question the girl had come across while reading her books.

Speaking of which, throughout the whole year she had never left the section in the shinobi library titled 'Chakra'. As someone who had previously been very knowledgeable on what everything in the body was and how it all worked, the concept of having a 'flow of energy' in the body, capable of doing many extraordinary things was very alien to her.

The more she understood it however, the more it absolutely fascinated her. It turned out that all people in this universe formed chakra pathways at some point in their lives, even if they didn't know how to utilise them. These were channels that allowed the flow of energy (chakra) to reach all parts of the body, and developed once chakra started to collect in the pit of the abdomen from chakra producing organs (just the main ones, which was interesting - what component did cells from stomach tissue for example have that skin cells didn't?). Interestingly, what triggered the collection of chakra in the first place depended on how much the mind knew of this energy. The pathways included little 'exits' of a sort that allowed chakra to be expelled out of the body, called tenketsu. (She wanted to look more into how the Hyuuga blocked these things with a jab from their own chakra too - were they like valves? How do you open something like that?)

This certainly explained why clan children were at a much higher advantage when learning the shinobi arts. Simply put, the reason why clan children formed their chakra faster than civilian children was because clan children became used to the idea of jutsu and this energy much earlier (as practically all family were ninja), and so their bodies understood that it was okay to start making said energy. This therefore meant that clan children would form their chakra pathways faster, and would be able to spread their chakra across their body in either a chakra controlling exercise, or a jutsu much faster than a civilian child.

Why did this matter?

Well first, it was so interesting to understand from an academic's point of view, and Amaterasu couldn't help feel ridiculously satisfied with herself. Also, if this was true, it affected her own body as well.

Specifically for Amaterasu, who's mind was much more mature due to her previous life, and had already technically 'known' about the 'existence' of the concept of chakra (due to a freaking TV show), her chakra pathways should _technically_ have already developed, and she should _technically_, already be able to use it.

This revelation brought her to the present where she had gathered books on early chakra control techniques and was currently quite a lot more excited than she would like to admit, to try them out. Of course, something nagged in the back of her mind about how this should probably be happening under supervision, how about we wait till Kushina's next free, blah blah, but naturally, it was tuned out.

The short girl lay on her front, flicking through the large book thoughtfully with excitement buzzing within her. She was so engrossed with this topic that she completely missed and absolutely did not anticipate what happened next.

When she next blinked and looked up due to a slight movement in the corner of her eye, all she could see was the back of what she presumed was a boy. A boy wearing a black shirt and shorts - quite unsuited for the blinding sun, she thought absentmindedly.

She tilted her head and was surprised to see this boy was blocking a knife - a kunai - with one of his own, and to her eyes both the boy and the assaulter seemed perfectly still.

A few moments had passed since their arrival and they still hadn't moved so Ama shifted, pushing herself off her front into a sitting position. What she saw then surprised her.

A rather young looking - around fifteen she guessed - silver haired Kakashi Hatake was currently locked in a staring match with the boy in front of her, and what worried her was that his red eye was out and spinning.

With a twinge, she remembered she hadn't been born in time to affect Obito's demise.

"Uhm." she started hesitantly, trying to get their attention, and their reaction was immediate. If she had blinked again, she'd have missed it. The boy in front of her lashed out in a swift kick, and Kakashi leapt backwards with such speed she had trouble tracing him with her eyes. The boy in front of her hadn't faced her yet, and so she didn't really know who he was, but now that the two were separated they seemed a lot less tense. Before she could say anything, however, the boy spoke.

"Sorry, senpai. You startled me."

The other older shrugged, looking rather nonchalant after that clash as he dusted imaginary dirt off his navy trousers.

"It's fine. Good luck." was all he said before he was suddenly not

there anymore.

...

Did he really just disappear? Amaterasu blinked rapidly, seeing if the light was playing a trick on her but no - ninjas could actually just disappear. Into thin air. It was weird - she saw it in the anime so many times but seeing it happen right in front of her was just... weird. Unnatural. Speaking of which, they were also _completely_ silent in their movements.

This is normal now, she told her rapidly beating heart quickly as what happened finally caught up to her. She blinked again to see a face looming in her vision and yelped, throwing herself back and slamming her head into the tree trunk behind her.

The unflattering and so not cool "OW." that escaped her was most definitely not the best first impression she could have made.

"...Are you alright?"

She glared up at the boy with one eye scrunched up at the pain, and blanched. Black unruly curly hair, long lashes, black eyes - basically like every other Uchiha but ****she knew****.

That was Shisui Uchiha. Her brother. The asshole.

"Where have you been? You're late." she told him exasperatedly while rubbing at the sore spot on the back of her head. He stared at her, face blank of emotion, and she found it really disconcerting to look at. How old was he, eight? nine maybe?

"Sorry?"

To the hesitantly uttered question, she rolled her eyes before shutting her open book and slamming it back onto the pile before sitting down again by the tree, scrutinising him closely. It gave her time to think about how to proceed with this unexpected conversation, at least.

"Shisui, right? Can I call you nii-san right away or do you think you'll find that weird cause you don't really know me as a sister? Oh, since you're here now I don't have to live in the orphanage right? I mean, it's really nice now and all but I'd much rather stay with you, you can tell me stuff right? Tori has a nii-san and he's _always_ _with her and helping her and stuff, but..."

...So much for thinking carefully about what she was going to say. On and on she rambled, and she thought she made it to a whole minute before he interrupted with a slow, "How... do you know who I am?"

She glanced at him and was glad to find that he looked a tad less tense than before... but a lot more perplexed.

"Fugaku told me, and then because you weren't coming to see me I asked for you at the administrations office."

He frowned, and it looked so wrong on the boy's face. She wanted to

smooth over the deep creases between his brows that had undoubtedly built up over his (short) years.

"So he did tell you I existed - why didn't you come and pick me up? I was kinda ... " she watched him as his eyes widened slightly in panic at her wobbly voice.

"...angry. You suck, you know that?" she finished simply, looking up at him honestly. "Brothers are supposed to protect their sisters, you know." she continued, strangely genuinely feeling slightly emotional.

He was silent for a bit, observing her for a bit before suddenly plopping down in front of her, seeming a bit too overwhelmed to be standing in this situation.

"This... wasn't how I imagined our first meeting to go." he said rather tiredly.

"Sorry to disappoint." Ama shot back on instinct, and received a mildly dry look back.

"Did you not see the kunai coming at you?" he asked suddenly, and it surprised her.

"What kunai?" she blinked.

"The one Hatake-senpai - the other guy you saw - threw in your direction from the other training ground by accident. Did you not even sense it? It was charged with his lightning chakra!" he said, obviously becoming more and more agitated the more clueless she was. To be honest, she was rather confused at herself too. She had had absolutely no idea. "Can you tell me what you think happened?" Shisui enquired, a bit softer this time.

"Well, you both suddenly appeared and then when I tried to say something, you tried to kick him and failed and you talked then he disappeared." she told him truthfully, and wasn't sure if she deserved the response she garnered. His face fell into his hands and he rubbed at it furiously before swiping his hair and forehead protector back so his hair was now all pointy.

She couldn't help it, she giggled, and was rewarded with a small smile.

"So you missed all the genjutsu as well?"

...What. That was why they had been in a standstill? Kakashi must have followed his kunai to catch it, and didn't expect Shisui to have come out. Speaking of which...

"Maa, nii-san. Have you been stalking me?" she asked, and suppressed a smirk at the fleeting glance of his flustered expression.

"What? B-brothers protect their imoutos." he said immediately, and Ama felt a warm feeling blossom through her chest.

"We're going to be the best nii-san and imouto in the whole village!" she shrieked after a small pause, acting like her age with the wrong grammar, flailing arm movements and the hug that she forced

onto the boy opposite her.

She happily noted that the initial stiffening melted away after a few moments, and strangely felt like the year and a half of waiting had completely been worth it.

He had been watching over her, and he had cared after all.

What was stranger? She had cared too.

* * *

><p>It is now currently 03:40 where I am, I just wanted to get this to you before I went to bed! Hope you enjoy it, Shisui is in the picture now (he tto cayote!). IF you didn't understand my idea about how chakra works, please don't hesitate to ask! I will happily explain it and edit it so it's more understandable.

**That of course stands for anything else that you don't think makes sense! **

**tbh I might end up rewriting some of it depending on your reactions and my own read through in the morning - I usually don't function after 4 in the afternoon so... hehe **

Seeya! Look forward to the next update!

Lei xx

5. Chapter 5

Shisui Uchiha realised very quickly that directly interacting with his â€|_sister â€|_didn't make her any less of an enigma than when he had been watching her from afar.

She just continued to confuse him, and he couldn't help but be so unbelievably _awkward _with her.

"How did you find out?" said girl asked, breaking the long silence that had followed them since they left the shaved ice stall. They were sucking contently on their treats, since Shisui had taken her to the place that his sensei frequently treated him to after training, noting she chose the same flavour as he did - blueberry. The books that the girl - his sister - had borrowed were sealed into the small storage scroll he always carried around, and they were now sitting in a small clearing on the outskirts of the Uchiha compound.

"Mhm?" he murmured absentmindedly, trying hard to stop staring at the little girl who was now so close to him. He had only observed her from afar, and it felt quite surreal to be able to walk next to her, _his blood-related sister_, normally, like any other sibling in the village. He could see the resemblance to his parents - her eyes were shaped like his mothers, and she had evidently inherited his father's prominent facial bone structure that was still visible under the layer of baby fat lining her cheeks.

"How did Fugu tell you I existed? I doubt he dropped the bomb lightly." she commented conversationally, and the older boy found himself aghast at not the first, but second time she casually spoke

of the clan head.

"Don't call him that!" he scolded, and she looked up at him in surprise. "He's the clan head, you can't address him like that. It's either Fugaku-sama or Uchiha-sama."

"Hm." she simply said thoughtfully. "So you were okay with him keeping me away from you for two years?"

Shisui had no idea how she had come to that conclusion.

"What makes you think that?" he retorted, hesitantly meeting her curious gaze.

"You obviously still hold a high respect for him."

Shisui shook his head. "That's hands down just etiquette, Amaterasu." he ignored the awkward way the name rolled off his tongue, before adding, "No matter how much he's wronged us, he's still the honourable leader of our clan, and deserves to be addressed as so."

"So you weren't okay with it. You're still not, and I don't think you believe you ever will forgive him for it."

Shisui strangely felt like he was being counselled - she was sounding like the Yamanaka that had talked with him after his teammates' deaths.

"Of course it wasn't okay for him to keep that from me - you're my sister, and the fact that he didn't give me a proper reason for his actions made me feelâ€¦"

She waited patiently at his pause as he organised his thoughts.

"â€¦made me think that the real reason wasn't one that I'd agree with."

She slowly nodded, processing this before spouting out another question.

"Can you tell me what you felt when he told you?"

Shisui paused then, directing his gaze into the distance. If he squinted, he could see the workers still carving the new head statue of Minato Namikaze who had been named the Fourth Hokage after the ending of the war a few weeks ago.

_What he felt? _he mused. What a queer question. Why did it matter what he felt? Perhaps it was his career as a shinobi that made him regard the question as so alien. He had most definitely tried his hardest to _not _think about how he felt at many points in his life: the death of his teammates, his first kill, watching the death of his father, finding out his mother had died at home while he was away - but these were all very negative things, he pondered. Maybe it would be alright to go through his emotions and _feel_ properly at the one pleasant surprise of an _extra_ life on his hands.

"I thought I was completely alone when my - our - parents passed." he

voiced tentatively. "Knowing that you survived would probably have made me a lot less reckless with training and missions and stuffâ€¦ but maybe that would mean I wouldn't be as strong and as able to protect as I am now."

He glanced at her, slightly embarrassed at the way he was talking, but she was listening attentively, eyes never leaving his form. For some reason, he was feeling like a certain weight was gradually lifting off his chest. Someone was listening to him talk, and it felt like he mattered, past being a genius, past being a good ally to have in battle. He let the words flow from his mouth, much faster now.

"But I could tell Fugaku-sama wasn't being truthful. He said that he hadn't told me about you because it would have distracted me from training, and that it had been for my own good, but he kept apologising to me - he wouldn't apologise if he hadn't done anything wrong, so he obviously must have done something bad, you know?" he noted the corner of her lips tilting upwards into a soft smile that was strangely understanding.

"So while I still respect him and all, I feel â€¦ angry."

The word that escaped him wasn't what he had been expecting, and his eyes widened.

"I was angry. I still am." he realised. "You had to stay in the orphanage, even if it is a lot better than before, I could have helped you. We wouldn't have been alone. We wouldn't be so awkward now - we've missed out on three years and that's a lot. I mean, you don't know me. At all. I'm a complete stranger to you, but we're supposed to be family._" _

"Is that what stopped you from approaching me?"

"I - wellâ€¦ yes." he admitted finally in a weary sigh. He just hadn't known how to approach her. He had been content with just watching over her from afar, but he guessed a year and a half was a rather long time to be stalking.

"But you're right, you know." she said lightly, eyes crinkling into a sweet smile. "We are family. And we can catch up on those three years, no problem. Sure, Fugakuâ€¦_sama made a mistake that's cost us our relationship, but I don't think keeping that sort of anger in will be beneficial to anyone. He's human too."

She reached out a hand, palm faced up and looked at him expectantly. When he slowly clasped her small hand in his, she continued.

"I don't know about you but I'm really glad I've met you now. Thanks for existing, nii-san."

He cracked a grin.

"You too, imouto."

He was glad to say that any awkwardness between them diminished greatly after that conversation.

* * *

><p>Amaterasu stared at the bundle in her former foster mother's arms, heart rate increasing rapidly. It had been a month since she moved in with Shisui, and they had bumped into the Uchiha matriarch on the way home from the training grounds.<p>

Mikoto's mouth was moving, Shisui looked politely thrilled, but she could only hear her pulse slamming in her ears.

Sasuke was born. Already.

**Sasuke**.

The name brought such sheer shock that cleared her mind of all thoughts so that she simply heard white noise and her vision was blurry until -

A hand on her shoulder broke her out of her daze.

"Super cute." she said quickly. "Really tiny. Looks just like you. Sorry to cut this short, I gotta go, bye!"

With that, she sprinted away, leaving her brother _blood dripping like tears and his eyes were just not there _and Mikoto _W__e already know...Itachi..._ and the newborn behind, probably very confused. Her thoughts whirred into overdrive.

Sasuke was born - it was nearing the end of July now, and from her memory, Naruto had been born on the tenth of October of _that very same year._ That gave her what, two months and a bit to work out how to stop Obito from appearing and the Kyuubi being released and the Uchiha being blamed and ... **_shit. _**

"Ama?"

She jerked at her name to see Itachi staring rather worriedly at her, and flinched as another series of images flashed through her mind.

_Glint of a sword, spray of blood, a mere thirteen year old struggling under the weight of the world, he was just a child just crying, blood, red, Sharingan, tears, crying, oh god that was his parents, crying, crying - _

_"_Oh HELLO Itachi-sama! Fancy seeing you here!"

Lord, was that her voice? It sounded too shrill. Judging from Itachi's wince, he thought so too.

"Actually, you were just standing in the middle of the street. Are you alright?"

No my poor darling, are _you? _

Ama shook her head rapidly, trying to clear the images and waved at him.

"Okay, bye!"

She turned, got as far as taking one step, then promptly blacked

out.

* * *

><p>"...they said nothing was really wrong - vitals all in check, she should be waking up soon."

"Something must have spooked her, I have no idea why she had such a reaction to little Sasuke."

"Nggh."

The reaction was immediate to the little grunt. A hand was placed on her leg, another hovering by her shoulder, the arm wrapped around her tightened.

"Su-chan, are you alright?"

There was only one person who recently began to call her Su, and when Ama opened her eyes she was greeted by the deep blue eyes of the redheaded jinchuriki. Ama was considerably calmer now, and managed to suppress the influx of vivid memories and simply leant into the woman's hold. She was quickly scooped up and placed on another person's lap, and she recognised the scent as the comforting pine of Shisui.

"You gave us all a scare, Ama-chan." he told her, and she smiled weakly at him, squashing down more pictures in her mind. "Especially poor Itachi-kun."

"Sorry." she said tiredly, shooting an apologetic look at said Uchiha who was standing by her hospital bed before tucking her head under her brother's chin.

"Do you want to talk about what happened?" Kushina asked gently, rubbing her hand comfortingly, and Ama shook her head.

"I don't know what happened." she lied with a shrug. "I just felt really worried for no reason."

Another voice spoke up, and Ama spun her head round to find the source so fast that she knocked her head on Shisui's chin, drawing a rather annoyed groan. She hadn't sensed her at all, and it was irritating because she had been working with chakra and sensing with Shisui for the whole month.

"I diagnose panic attack." the blonde that spoke looked much like the woman that had occupied the Hokage's chair for most of the time in Ama's memories, and she blanched.

"You're really pretty." she blurted, and received a few giggles.

"Why thank you. I'd like all visitors out while I converse with the patient." the amber-eyed medic ordered briskly, and Kushina managed to stay behind, using the fact that she was a patient too as an excuse.

"Why are you a patient?" Ama had asked, dreading the answer that she knew would inevitably come. It did, in the form of a bright grin and

a caress of her swollen abdomen. She was just about seven months pregnant.

"Congratulations." she tried timidly, and the two women around her laughed.

"Amaterasu, are you afraid of babies?" the blond - Tsunade - drawled with an amused smirk.

...

Okay sure? We can go with that I guess?

"I'd say what's more likely is related to the fact that you've started on working with your chakra." she continued however, and Ama nodded. "Since you've been working with sensing as well, that could have caused a bit of an overload once you stepped into the a ninja central place such as the Uchiha compound."

The woman swiped a hand glowing faintly blue over her stomach and paused, frowning a little.

"How old are you Ama?" she asked.

"Three." Kushina answered for her. "Four in around a month."

Tsunade locked eyes with her, and they communicated silently for a bit while she said something else to little girl. That was some pretty impressive multitasking.

"You have a lot of chakra for your age, don't you?"

"I dunno." Ama replied truthfully. She didn't. She didn't feel like she had a lot - she could only do about four chakra control exercises before feeling tired.

"You do. I'd say around a standard genin's supply already." Tsunade affirmed.

"That's a good thing." Kushina added lightly, and Ama simply shrugged. She knew why she had advanced chakra levels already.

"I'd suggest using it a lot to keep the stores growing, okay? Keep up the control work." the medic informed her, and moved on. Ama ended up spending the rest of the day with Kushina as Shisui had left to spend some time training with Itachi.

"You know the Hokage, don't you?" Ama asked her as they walked hand in hand out of the hospital.

"Of course I do, ttatebane. He's my husband." the redhead informed her with a proud grin. Ama hummed in acknowledgement while quickly flicking through ideas in her mind.

Her first priority for October tenth was for it to end in a way that would not leave the Uchiha being blamed - she needed to twist it so that it was the opposite of what happened in the anime. The main thing she had to try and do within the next few months was to cement Minato's relationship with Fugaku so that less misunderstandings brewed - perhaps then the way that the Uchiha felt towards the

village would improve?

Ama quickly realised that she didn't know enough about the situation at the moment, and decided she detested the fact that she had only been born three years ago. Her tiny body was not the only limitation - none of the ninja would tell her anything worth knowing because she was so small. She was totally useless, she decided, sighing and pressing a hand to her head as her temple throbbed.

"Are you alright Su-chan?" Kushina asked worriedly, and Ama shook her head.

"I want to go to the library. Where were you planning on going?"

Kushina blinked. "I was going to practise some calligraphy with you - your neatness has really been improving lately and I wanted to teach you some things about layering them."

Ama felt her heart jump with excitement - maybe...

"Like sealing?" she asked hopefully, and wilted when she was met by a surprise guffaw.

"You have a long, long way to go before that stuff, Su. How do you know about that anyway?" Kushina chuckled.

Ama sulked. "I read about it. I'm going to the library, can I go with you to see the Hokage tomorrow?"

Kushina thought for a bit. "If you want to meet Minato, you can join us for dinner if you want, maybe ask Shisui if you can sleep over."

Ama nodded at her and gave her a brief hug before splitting ways to go off towards the village library.

"Here _again? _You were here yesterday! Weird brat." the guard grumbled before making a hand sign and letting the illusion wash away. Ama saluted him cheekily before trotting inside.

She paused as she surveyed the towering shelves of books in front of her, choosing to sit in a corner to just _think. _

What could she do?

Maybe she could tell someone what she knew? She winced - she couldn't. She wouldn't. She'd be regarded as a threat at the very least, she understood that humans were naturally wary of knowledge. She had to work with the people in a more subtle way, manoeuvre them without them knowing.

Like chess.

She had a bit of time to set it up, but Ama felt like punching herself for not realising this sooner. She had known that there had been a five year difference between Sasuke and Itachi - she could have prepared this for longer.

Pushing regrets aside, she tried to focus once more.

The reason why the Uchiha were blamed was because Obito had used the sharingan to control the nine-tails. The reason why the Uchiha couldn't override it and try and control it themselves was because they weren't allowed to help with the fight against the kyuubi. They had been tasked with keeping the civilians safe and escorting young ones to the shelters.

And so, distrust bloomed. The village hated the Uchiha for not helping their defence against the nine-tails despite holding the title of the Konoha Military Police, but the Uchihas' hands had been tied as even if they wanted to, they had been ordered to stay put.

Who gave that order to stay put? If she could let the village, or at least Minato have a bit more trust in her clan, maybe they would be called in to help - she didn't remember anyone other than Madara and Obito being able to control the beast, but there must be _someone _who could - maybe Fugaku?

Also the fact that the Uchihas felt like the village had confined them since they feared their power - it was all a matter of trust. How did one go about increasing trust between a village and a clan?

There was also the thought of having a jinchuriki as well... maybe if one of the Uchihas had been made the jinchuriki they would feel more involved in the village's affairs?

Ama was slowly feeling the skeleton of a plan forming in her mind, when someone suddenly took a seat beside her.

"Why does a little one like you look so troubled?" a smooth voice asked in a sigh. Ama felt a slight aura of chakra from this man, and when she looked up at him, she didn't recognise his face: dirty blonde hair, green eyes... nope. She scrunched up her face confusedly. Why was he exerting chakra? It felt like...

"Shisui?"

The man stiffened minutely, before smirking.

"Uhm. No." he said dryly. "I don't look like him at all, what gave you that impression?"

_look like... _Oh. She remembered now. This guy was using a henge - a transformation jutsu. That's why instead of having his chakra stored in his abdomen and untraceable like a normal ninja, he was exerting it by spreading it through the coils closest to his skin. She recollected getting used to the very slight pinging of Shisui's chakra when he showed the E-rank jutsu to her, and she now she could recognise what it felt like.

"But I don't know what you really look like." she told him bluntly, and was rewarded with a nod of approval before there was a puff of smoke.

Ama growled internally as she waved her arms furiously to bat it away. She knew the smoke wasn't necessary for the jutsu, it just

provided a cover for the shift in appearance. It always irritated her eyes and throat. When she saw the real person, she blinked, able to recognise the silver gravity defying hair anywhere.

"Hatake-senpai..." she thought aloud, glancing at him curiously. He was dressed in casual clothes, all black. She frowned. If she remembered correctly, he had been tasked with protecting Kushina while she was pregnant... Perhaps she had gone to see Minato then, and didn't need to be looked over. It didn't explain why he was tailing her though.

"I'm definitely too old to be a senpai to you, but I'm flattered you recognise me." he drawled, looking down at her lazily with one eye. It was a good cover, she admitted. He looked slouched, lazy and unaware of anything, but she knew he probably had all the threats in the room located and had already planned how to deal with them if they surfaced. They sat in silence for a bit, before he spoke again.

"You've been sitting here for a while now."

Okay. She was beginning to feel the awkward. So this was the genius' awful conversation skills.

"Yep?" she tried. "Why are you here?" she asked, and felt rather ignored as she didn't receive a reply for a few minutes.

"I was tired of hiding." he eventually told her, and she raised an eyebrow. That sounded way too deep to be telling a three-year-old. Maybe he meant it literally, but she could see the faraway look in his eyes that signalled he was already lost in thought. She had always sympathised with this character - this guy's life was rough for sure, and what was he, fifteen? Fourteen? _Hiding from what? Responsibilities? Expectations? Painful memories, perhaps? _

"Has anyone told you you look like one of the greatest heroes in existence?" she said thoughtfully, noting with glee that his visible eye widened a fraction. She was starting to be able to read the slight facial expressions that ninja used to express their emotions, from her time with Shisui. She had thought he was completely emotionless at first, but it hadn't been the case at all - she just hadn't known what to look for.

"Oh?" he replied, sounding really uninterested, but she noticed the way his eye focused on her form.

"The White Fang. I read a book that mentioned him, he was really admirable." she murmured. She looked up to meet his gaze with a small smile. "Do you know him? He's my favourite."

He held her stare for a long time after that, seemingly searching for something, and his aloof demeanour disappeared.

"Only heard of him." he responded slowly, and she fought very hard to not twitch. _Liar. _"He's my favourite too."

Cutting off the rather tense moment, she reached up and tapped his forehead protector.

"Are you stronger than my nii-san? He's training me you know. He won't let me do any jutsu yet, even though I can stick the leaf on my head for _aaaages_. He just keeps making me throw some dumb kunai."

"It's important to make sure you have the basics." he mumbled agreeably. Ama suddenly straightened as her stomach growled loudly. Looking out of the library windows, she realised that she had been there for the whole afternoon as it was very dark. She caught the eye of the boy next to her before letting a grin slowly spread out across her face.

"Maa... you wouldn't happen to be hungry too, would ya?"

* * *

><p>Yo guys, here's the next chapter. Longest one so far for me - 3777 words! Whoo! Getting a bit tense now, Ama's feeling quite useless atm. But it's crucial she does something here, or it'd be much harder to try and change something, methinks.

**Thank you all for making such a simple task like checking my email so exciting haha, you're all so fab. **

Reviews are the food for inspiration, and a hammer to knock down writers blocks.

Much love,

Lei xx

End
file.